

THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

DEC. 12, 1839.

No. CXCv.—NEW SERIES, No. CII.

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Solomon was given at Exeter-hall, on Friday with increased effect. The choruses were sung with a gusto and precision that seemed to surpass all previous efforts; and created an enthusiasm in the audience that could with difficulty be restrained from breaking into continual demands for repetition. We may particularize the Nightingale chorus in the first act; “From the censer” in the second; the martial chorus and that lovely gem, “Draw the tear from hopeless love,” in the third. The part of Solomon was written, strangely enough for a soprano voice. To avoid the monotony arising from preponderance of the female organ, the music of the potentate is shared between Mr. Phillips and the ladies; an arrangement productive of more variety, but detrimental to individual distinction. We have never been friendly to the assumption of male characters by *Le beau sexe*, nor could we ever become reconciled to the mail-clad heroines of the Italian stage, straining their shrill pipes to emulate the warlike accents of virility.

The shareholders of this building have refused M. Musard the use of their hall for secular amusement, on the ground of its erection for purposes connected with religion. We have not much faith in the sanctity of unconsecrated places; nor do we suppose that one in fifty of those who attend the Oratorios, would care much what enormities were perpetrated therein on other occasions. The devotional feelings of those who heard Calvary in St. Andrew’s-hall were not rendered less intense by the reflection that Folly would reign paramount on the Friday night. But the many who think differently, are fully entitled to our respect and consideration, especially when sincerity is weighed against the temptations of Mammon, and not found wanting.

VOL. XII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

I I

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ON THE PRESENT STATE OF MUSIC IN MADRID.

No. 2.—CHAMBER MUSIC.

WITH respect to professors, it has long been the practice of the most distinguished among them to pursue their vocation out of Spain. Certain conditions are necessary to the well-being of the art; peace, political tranquillity, and a degree of wealth and independence in the general population. All of these are wanting in this noble but unfortunate country. On this account Garcia quitted it for France. Yet it must not be supposed that Spain is destitute of musical talent. Among the professors of Madrid, the pianist, Albeniz, holds a distinguished rank. His compositions are excellent. The singing-master, Ingenza, has a superior style; he has written several symphonies of considerable merit, though without the fire and force of the modern German writers. Iradier, on the other hand, is a young composer, entirely devoted to the modern school; his compositions justify the proudest hopes. There are also many excellent violinists; especially in the orchestra of the Santa Cruz theatre. The romantic guitar is fallen rather into discredit; and whilst many Spanish guitarists were enchanting the rest of Europe (poor Sor among others), those who remained to ply their craft at home, met with a cold reception. This instrument is, however, still a favourite with the lower classes. It is not uncommon to meet with *manolos* (peasants) possessing remarkable executive skill; but in the higher circles it has been dethroned by the tyrannical piano-forte. This is the common fate of every thing romantic—to survive only on the stage, or in works of imagination.

With regard to the piano-forte, those are most prized that are built in England, or after the English construction; then the German, and, lastly, the French. Good pianos are indeed often made in Madrid and other cities; but Spain has as yet no claim to the honour of a distinct manufactory.

Of musical societies in Madrid, two are worthy of especial notice—the Philharmonic Society and the Lyceum. The first is exclusively devoted to music; the second holds its meetings in the splendid palace of the Duke of Villahermosa. It consists of the most talented men in Spain, whether musicians, painters, litterateurs, or other artists.

Spanish dilettanti are something underrated in Europe. There exists, indeed, a prejudice in many minds, which supposes a Spaniard fit for nothing but taking siestas, lounging on the Prado, and weaving love intrigues. This is indeed a prejudice: there are many artists, both male and female, of whom any country might be proud. To cite one example only; the Countess Merlin, the queen of song in the best Parisian society, is a Spanish lady. Fine voices are very common; like the oranges, they are formed and ripened by this wonderful climate; and, when assisted by cultivation and study, the produce is admirable.

There remain to be noticed three individuals, of great importance in the musical world of Madrid; Puig, Mademoiselle Quiroga, and the Countess of Campo Alange.

Puig was a pupil of Rubini; he was for a long time in France, and in close intimacy with Liszt and Berlioz. His voice is a tenor of great beauty and compass; his method excellent. His own inclinations, and the advice of his friends, alike directed him to the stage, where his fine talents and noble *physique* would have secured him a dazzling career. But his father is general of brigade, and one of the political notables of Madrid; and this formed an insuperable obstacle. True it is that the father of M. de Candia, who has succeeded so well on the French boards, is a man of rank, count and governor of Nice; but the latter singer seems to have been born under a romantic star.

Mademoiselle Quiroga, also a pupil of Rubini, is a daughter of the renowned General Quiroga; a man whose name has flown over all Europe, and even figures in the annals of fashion. (Cloaks, à la Quiroga, were all the rage some time back.) Purity of tone, execution, power, expression, all are united in this lady: she is a thorough musician, and devotes herself wholly to the cultivation of the art. She should be seen at the Lyceum, or in the Concert-room de la In-closa! Her large black eyes flash, her beautiful neck is inclined backward, her bosom heaves tumultuously, and her heavenly strain soars over the orchestral swell like an eagle over the stormy billows of ocean.

The Countess of Campo Alange is a distinguished pianist, a pupil of Herz, who has dedicated to her several of his compositions. She lately played in the Concert de la Inclusa some very difficult variations of her own composing, which were received with enthusiasm. The Queen Regent, herself an amateur, expressed her particular approbation. After these artists should be mentioned Mademoiselle Von Espeleta, in age but a child, in talent already a virtuoso; the ladies Campuzano and Punon Rostro, Montenegro and Arguelles, who by their beautiful voices contribute much to the attractions of the Lyceum and Philharmonic Society.

The staple of Madrid concerts is Italian music; after that, Spanish: operatic pieces by Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, Saldoni, &c.: songs by Garcia, Cornicer, Basili, &c. Yet here, also, Spanish music seems on the decline; and that Spanish salt, marked by so much grace and piquancy, seems to be fast disappearing. Mademoiselle Quiroga forms a remarkable exception to the generality, and preserves her full national character. Her delivery of the new Bajelito, or the Chairo is unsurpassed for intellectual expression, fascinating grace, and arch coquetry. French romances are but little sung; they are thought cold and affected.

CHORAL HARMONISTS.

THE first meeting of this excellent Society took place on Monday evening last, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street. The programme consisted of the following classical pieces:—

PART I.

ANTHEM—"The King shall rejoice"	Handel.
Motett—"Laudate Nomen"	Dr. Tye.
Offertorium—"Totus in corde"	F. Schubert.
Mass—No. 2, "in E flat"	Hummel.

PART II.

Madrigal—"Come, shepherds, follow me"	T. Bennet.
Overture—Don Giovanni	Mozart.
Ode—"The Song of the Bell." (Schiller)	A. Romberg.

This Society, consisting chiefly of amateurs, with the exception of a professional person at the head of each department, holds its meetings, which are eight in number, every month or three weeks, commencing in November, and ending in May, for the performance of classical vocal music. We know of no other society in London—the Philharmonic excepted—which brings forward, in such quick succession, the classical works of great masters. The band, which is very select, was led by Mr. Dando.—The conductor is Mr. Lucas.—The vocalists were Miss Birch, Miss Cole, Mr. J. Bennet, and Mr. A. Novello;—who were supported by a numerous and effective chorus, composed of the amateur members.

The Coronation Anthem went off well. We were delighted with the fine gothic harmonies in the motett by Dr. Tye, which was most effectively accompanied on the organ by Mr. George Cooper.—The contrast between these two pieces was very fine. Schubert's Offertorium, sung by Miss Birch, with an obligato clarinet accompaniment (by Mr. Lazarus, is a delightful composition in the florid style, and was done ample justice to by both performers—the cadenza alone excepted, which, we presume, was an addition to Schubert.—Hummel's Mass was most finely executed, and both vocal and instrumental performers did their utmost to make it "go well.—The Madrigal, and Overture, were delightfully performed.—Romberg's "Bell" concluded the evening's entertainment. This ode or cantata of Romberg's is an admirable composition, written in a style peculiarly his own—neither in the strict church or in the florid operatic styles.

The portions that pleased us most, were, the tenor solo by Bennet, "Love's day-dream is o'er;" the conflagration chorus, "Most useful is the might of fire," superlatively grand in its modulations and instrumentation;—the Elegy, sung by Miss Birch, "All the ties of love that bound her," and a quartett, "Beauteous peace, and union sweet,"—in which the soprano part was taken by

Miss Cole, a pupil of the Royal Academy, whom we heard for the first time. She possesses a fine, rich, soprano voice, of great compass, with a perfect intonation, and well supplied Miss Dolby's place, as a contra-alto, all through the evening. We congratulate her upon her success. The room was crowded with a most attentive audience, who *all* sat throughout the performance, which concluded at half-past ten.

ON SINGING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY THE REV. JOHN TODD, PHILADELPHIA.

God has created the soul for music, and made provision to supply its desires. The most barbarous savage has some way by which to create musical sounds, and the savage who for the first time hears a well-regulated band, will couch down upon the ground, entranced at hearing notes so far exceeding any thing of which he has ever before conceived.

The band that passes through the street will draw every family to the window; and the flute's soft notes, floating over the still waters on a summer's evening, will cause the Indian to lift his paddle from the water, and let his canoe drift noiselessly down the stream. The proudest monarch on earth will kneel and weep during some of the strains of the mighty organ and the choir as they perform "the Messiah."

War has laid his iron hand on music, and the notes of the bugle, the clarion, and the trumpet has made the heart thrill and leap upon the field of death. The horse and his rider both feel its power, and rush into the ranks of the destroyer. The charge is made, and man is brought breast to breast, under the united influence of music and the war-shout. What notes, deep, awful, and spirit-stirring, were those which rose over the field of Waterloo, as death rode through the ranks on his pale horse? The roar of cannon, the groans of death, and the murderous shout of battle are drowned or softened down by music.

Music has ever been the waiting-maid of pleasure. The ball would be unknown, and the theatre would die, were it not that music gives her constant presence, and pleads with a noise so sweet that the world cannot resist it. Any price will be paid for exquisite music. Eighty of our ordained missionaries could be supported by what a man now living annually receives for the music which he creates on the violin. A lady who has earned great fame in the theatres of Europe as a singer, has been offered, if she would come to this country, at least an equal sum: she declined, as her voice was more highly rewarded where she is. I do not mention these facts to find fault, (for that is useless), but to show the strong love we all have for music.

Almost all nations, perhaps all, have national airs, by which the love of country is deepened, and a national feeling is created and maintained. The popular air "Yankee Doodle" will probably create an American feeling as long as our nation exists; and the airs "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," will never cease to call the heart of a Briton to his own generous isle. The soldier from Switzerland, and from the highlands of Scotland, will weep when they hear the national airs which call their hearts home to the place of their birth and childhood.

It is remarkable too, that all people associate music with the bliss which awaits the soul beyond the grave. The Indian thinks he shall sing the song which he loves in the land of blue mountains beyond the grave; and the Christian associates the music of heaven with his sweetest hopes. The dying pillow is softened by music. I have seen the youth on his dying bed, raving with madness, soothed and hushed and made quiet for hours by the flute which his weeping father played at his bed-side. We almost feel that the ear of death would be sensible to "the song of twilight," if sung by a beloved sister. Who cannot feel the force of that sweet song which one of our own daughters sang before she passed away, written in her fifteenth year:—

"When evening spreads her shades around,

And darkness fills the arch of heaven;

When not a murmur, nor a sound,

To Fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye;
When Nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly, to lie;—

Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give,
O, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,
And, hovering, trembles, half afraid;
O, sister, sing the song once more,
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day,—
Notes borne by angel's purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

When sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Should'st thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love?"

It is not a matter of surprise, that from the time that man was driven out of Eden, to the present hour, as we have every reason to believe, religion has made great use of music to aid her disciples. It was early taught in the schools of the prophets, and from them went through the length and breadth of the land of God's people. Not only so, but God made special provision for its use in giving to the church those inspired songs which bear the name of David, and which will be sung as long as the church exists on the earth. From the time that David strung his harp down to the third century of the Christian era, music was exceedingly simple, touching, and effective. It was, so to speak, little else than the music of nature, consisting in a fine delivery of the most beautiful and touching poetry. Music, in the most ancient ages of the world, was the parent of poetry. The prophetess, Deborah, wrote her wonderfully sublime song, that it might be committed to memory and carried home by the army of Barak. Even the great poem of Homer, it is said, is the daughter of music; a composition which has probably had more influence upon the character of man than any other book, the Bible alone excepted. "From Homer," says Pope, "the poets drew their inspiration, the critics their rules, and the philosophers the defence of their opinions: every author was fond to use his name, and every profession wrote books upon him till they swelled to libraries. The warriors formed themselves upon his heroes, and the oracles delivered his verses for answer."

God has made the ear to love music: but this is not all: he has created a most wonderful musical instrument for the use of every one. Between the top of the throat and the root of the tongue he has made an enlargement, a cavity of two or three inches, and most curiously lined it with delicate membranes, so stretched that the air passing through them makes a sound as through the reed of a clarinet. This would be a curious instrument, even if it admitted of no variation of sound, but it is furnished with fine cartilages, which contract and expand the cavity at pleasure in different ways, so as to give different vibrations, and, of course, different tones. In this small space, then, in the throat of every human being, is an instrument with a compass of from two to three octaves, which has the command of every semitone and subdivision of note, swell, trill, &c., and not necessarily exposed to the imperfections of artificial instruments, but so clear, so rich, so sweet, when well used, as to be the highest standard of comparison, in these points, for the flute, clarinet, piano-forte, and organ.

Now think of this wonderful instrument bestowed upon everyone by the hand of God; think how the ear is so created to delight in melody, that the highest and sweetest emblem of heaven is the innumerable company of saints and angels around the throne singing and praising God and the Lamb: and then tell me if

singing ought not to have a very prominent place in teaching children—in forming their characters? I plead on this subject with the earnestness of one who was himself neglected, in this particular, in childhood, and who has, in consequence, suffered a loss which no language can describe. The wrong is no less severe or cruel because the child does not feel it at the time. I plead for every child.

Till within a short time the opinion has been almost universal, that but few could be taught to sing: that the talent for music was a peculiar gift of nature, bestowed upon only a few, and they, favoured ones, were to have it to themselves. Parents have neglected their children, and unless they took up singing of themselves, have decided that, unfortunately, *their* children had no ear for music. The opinion has become so common, that but a small part of our congregations even pretend to sing, or think they can. Nor can they as they now are; but would it have been so if the proper pains had been taken with their childhood? How much pains do parents take to teach their children to speak correctly? Had children no better opportunity [to hear speaking, or of being taught to speak, than they have to learn to sing, would any more be able to talk than are now able to sing! I shall not say that every child who can speak might sing: but I believe the exceptions are very rare. Allow me to present a few facts on this point:—

In an orphan asylum in Germany, containing two hundred children, there are only two certainly who have not learned to sing, and that too, correctly. These children are probably taught early, and have great pains taken with them; whether this be or be not so, this fact has great weight in deciding such a question.

In all the common district schools in Germany singing and music are taught, and every child is as much expected to read and write and perform music, as to read and write and recite any other lesson. They are all respectable performers, and many of them proficient.

“The reading of musical notation is learned even in the snow-covered huts of Iceland. In passing through the continent of Europe the traveller finds every festival, whether national or religious, graced with music. Serenades from the common people are heard every night in the streets. Music echoes from the shops, the boats, and the harvest fields. Some of the best performances of Mozart’s difficult pieces are said to proceed from the privates of Prussian regiments. As a general thing, every house in Germany and Switzerland has some musical instrument.

“I once stopped at a German settlement of no great size, where I was invited to hear some music at the house of a mechanic. Here a small company performed, vocally and instrumentally, almost the whole of Haydn’s Creation. The master of the house, a blacksmith, more than sixty years of age, took the first violin; his aged wife, in spectacles, gave us a vocal part; the eldest son, a joiner, from a neighbouring village, sat down at a Leipsic piano-forte, on which, after tuning it, he executed with great skill the whole accompaniment: several young men and women filled the remainder of the score. A boy, five years of age, was pointed out to me as beginning to play on the violin. Upon inquiry I found there was not a house in that town without a piano-forte or some keyed instrument. This evening’s entertainment has often occurred to me as illustrating the happy influence of music upon domestic life and social habits. If you would have young people love home induce them to cultivate music. It will beguile many a winter night, which might otherwise be worse than wasted. Few pleasures are cheaper, or more innocent, or more within the home circle. Almost all foreigners are proficient. A few years ago a party of emigrants encamped for the night on a small eminence, about half a mile from my residence. About sunset we were surprised by the most delightful sounds wafted across the valley by those sojourners. It appeared to be their evening hymn, accompanied with horns. The effect was indescribable.”

“Parents ought to place a proper value on music, both as a pleasure and a moral improvement. Their boy may whistle, or sing, dance, or twang the Jew’s harp, if he choose; but they no more think that music is a thing demanding their attention, countenance, or supervision, than that they should cultivate the hoop, the ball, or skating.”

When a gentleman wishes to have his daughter taught to play on the piano-forte, the question in these days is not, "Has the child an ear for music?" but if the father can afford the instrument and the tuition, her music teacher will engage to take care of the rest, and to make her, if not a proficient, at least such a performer as will be the delight of her parents. This could not be so if the power of being a musician must always be innate.

The Puritans of New England and the Moravians of Pennsylvania, almost without exception, were accustomed to have singing at their family devotions, in which all the members of the family soon learned to take a part. So with the Scotch Covenanters; they were called "a psalm-singing generation," in fact, because all, old and young, were accustomed to sing.

It has been found at the present day, that good teachers of music can go into our common schools and take children as they rise and teach them *all* to sing. There will be, to be sure, cases of organic defect, just as there are cases in which the eye has been known to mistake red for green, in which singing cannot be taught. These are exceptions; but were the seasons of childhood faithfully improved, few would be pronounced unqualified by nature to sing the songs of Zion. Childhood, however, is the right time to form right habits. Find the family where the parents are singers and the children are almost universally able to sing from imitation.

In the few cases in which the attempt has been made to teach a school to sing, and it has failed, I would suggest whether it has not been because the music was not sufficiently simple. A child may be taught even mathematics, but you must begin with what is very simple. The Methodists seldom fail to get all their children to sing their simple music. The following is from the pen of Wesley. "About three o'clock in the afternoon of the Lords day I met between nine hundred and a thousand of the children belonging to our Sunday-schools in Bolton. I never saw such a sight before. They were all exactly clean, as well as plain in their apparel. All were serious and well-behaved; many, both boys and girls, had as beautiful faces as, I believe, England or Europe can afford. When they all sung together, and none of them out of tune, the melody was beyond that of any theatre. And, what is best of all, many of them truly fear God, and some rejoice in his salvation. These are a pattern to all the town. And this I must avow, there is not such a set of singers in any of the Methodist congregations in the three kingdoms as in this town. There cannot be; for we have near a hundred such trebles, boys and girls, selected out of our Sunday-schools, accurately taught, as are not to be found together in any chapel, cathedral, or music-room within the four seas. Besides, the spirit with which they sing, and the beauty of many of them so suits the melody, that I defy any to exceed it, except the singing of angels in our Father's house,"

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Much as I have all along regretted, for the sake of music itself, that the "Mozart Controversy" should have recently occupied so large a portion of your pages, I did not imagine you would allow it to be made the vehicle of the low personality which "Indicator" and Joseph Warren have so clumsily interwoven into their communications inserted in No. 98, (14th of November). In reference to the plentiful supply of discourteous language, no way suitable to the subject, which has characterized nearly the whole of the correspondence, I only complain in general terms, as a reader who considers your periodical anything but benefited by the adoption of such language, even in correspondence. But my immediate object now is to claim your permission to revert to the attacks on Mr. Ella, contained in the number I have referred to. Both of your correspondents imagining they detected Mr. Ella as the author of the letter signed "Fanatico," (the only one as it appears to me deserving any attention on the ground of temperate language, and comprehension of the subject), forthwith answered those letters, with extraneous matter having reference to Mr. Ella's position in society, and his literary productions, which matter I will quote, for the purpose I have in view:—

"That very conceited and very foolish writer, *Un Fanatico per la Musica*, otherwise Count Huguenot's Ella, the *Ciavlatano* of the Philharmonie and Opera orchestras, the

intimate ally of the Duke of Cambridge, Captain *Blackheath Legge*, Lord Saltoun, and Mr. Thalberg Schulz."—*Indicator's Letter*.

"I have at last detected by this very expression who "*Fanatico*" is. Come, *Jack*! brag not of speaking to Paganini. * * * I would advise you, to use that celebrated polish by my namesake in the Strand. * * * Chalk the walls with "*Read Sketches of Music in Paris*."—*Joseph Warren's Letter*.

"In the first place, Mr. Ella is *not* the author of *Fanatico's* letters, and was till within these few days ignorant of the existence of the "*Controversy*." In the next place, the epithet *Charlatan*, so impertinently affixed to Mr. Ella's name, implies a want of judgment in the conductors, who assign to that gentleman so high a place among the distinguished musicians constituting the Opera Board.

The vulgarity of the manner in which the names of several distinguished patrons of music are appended to the ungentlemanly attack, is undeserving of notice, were it not that every lover of the arts must deprecate any insult being offered, through a public paper, to noblemen eminent less from their exalted station than their generous support of the arts, and their valuable patronage of artists. I have yet to learn that the association of an artist with munificent supporters of the science he professes, such as those named, is any disgrace to the former, or any excuse for anonymous impertinencies in reference to the latter, of such writers as "*Indicator*."

As to Mr. Ella's literary productions,—without hazarding a judgment on them,—I know that a series of musical criticisms (not generally known to be his) elicited the opinion of the Editor of the first Foreign Musical Journal, as being "the best musical notices he had read in English, and evincing a thorough knowledge of the art in all its branches."

I would not, Sir, have troubled you at such length, in repelling an assault from anonymous and obscure persons, did not the great readiness shewn in more than one quarter to find a reason, on ever so frivolous or false a ground, for attacking a gentleman who deservedly ranks high as a practical and theoretical musician, and who has secured the esteem and friendship of as large and respectable a circle as any man in the profession, induce me to believe that motives none of the worthiest, and feelings none of the most honourable, are at least as much engaged in dictating the proceeding, as any wish to benefit music by the so called "*Mozart Controversy*."

I would have replied immediately on the appearance of your paper, No. 98, but for my unwillingness to do so without Mr. Ella's permission, which I thought it unnecessary to trouble him for, as he was at the time in the north of Scotland. With apologies for the length of this letter, I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

B. FORRESTER SCOTT.

Leicester, 9th December, 1839.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your last week's number of the *Musical World*, you have inserted a notice that you would feel obliged for any communication on the subject of "*God save the King*;" such being the case, I beg leave to trouble you with the following account of a very curious manuscript I have lately come into the possession of. In my preambles about town, I had occasion (feeling hungry) to go into a cheesemonger's shop in the neighbourhood of Clerkenwell to purchase a piece of cheese; perceiving that the shopman had served a little girl with some butter wrapt up in a piece of music in manuscript, I asked him if he had any more music of that kind; he stated that he had had a great quantity that he purchased for waste paper, some written and some printed, and produced the one I am now about to describe, which was the last he had left, which he said if it was of any use to me I might have; the paper is very old, about the time of James or Charles I., one side is blank, with the following number at the corner 141. On the side which is not paged is the music, the staves have five lines, but on the music side a sixth had been added with the pen; at top is written the "*King's Anthem*," "*Dr. Bull*." For a long time I was not able to make these words out, except the words, "*King's*," and "*Dr. Bull*," which are plain enough; but on account of the *h*, in the other words being carried down like *a*, *y*, it puzzled me for some time; at the beginning of the stave is the sign for common time, with a dot and a figure of three underneath it; the music is barred with six minims in a bar for the first seven bars only: which seven bars contain the tune of our present "*God save the King*," only the tune appears to be different to that which is played now; the tune has harmony to it, either for the organ, or as I suppose another keyed instrument (perhaps the virginal, as I have heard of such an instrument); but as I only play the fiddle a little, I am not sufficiently able to judge. Underneath the first bar (with the aid of a glass), for the writing is so small it can scarcely be traced with the naked eye, is the following words, — *God save our mightye Kinge*, — after the first seven bars, which con-

tains the whole of the tune, there is other music, apparently in a different time, beginning with the words, *In the O Lorde*. There is not the whole of the anthem; but in the whole page, containing twelve staves, there are thirty-four bars very closely written, and very full, (I mean of harmony). The tune of "God save the King," is in the key of G, with the sharps placed before the notes. Should any body wish to see it, I shall be happy to forward it to your office, if you will put a notice to that effect in your answer to correspondents.

Gray's Inn Lane,
November 26th, 1839.

I remain, yours' respectfully,

THOMAS HUNTER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—One of your correspondents has taken credit for shrewdness, in having detected the author of the matter sent you under the signature "*Fanatico*." If it be any satisfaction to that correspondent to "guess again," he may begin *de novo*. For the author of the "Musical Sketches in Paris" had nothing whatever to do with this or any other portion of the violent but impotent productions in the "Mozart Controversy." I was morally certain of this at the time, both from the style of the letters, and the fact that the gentleman referred to was then taking his recreation at tournaments, salmon-fishing, and deer-stalking (*with his noble allies*), in a locality too far north to be the "*Fanatico*" in question. I am now authorised to say, he has been all along ignorant of the flattering notice of himself, and of the existence of the "controversy" which has shaken the musical world.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

A CONSTANT READER.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR—In no trade or profession does there exist so much "*humbug*" or so much rapacity as in that of music. The letter of "An Amateur of the City," in your last number, was only a solitary instance of the cheating system carried forward. No person can be satisfied that he is purchasing a *bonâ-fide* composition, although the price charged is so enormous, that it surely should include a "guarantee." If you purchase a violin, the first person who is a judge of the instrument, and looks at your bargain, tells you that you have paid twice too much. The music-seller (retail), allows the professor 33 per cent, that said music-seller having previously been allowed something strong. The pianoforte maker allows the music-master who recommends, from 25 to 40 per cent. The organ-builder the same to the recommending organist.

This rotten system all tends to the ruin of the science, which latter has been struggling on for the last few years, through innumerable difficulties. Nothing has saved the Exeter Hall Society from a premature death, but its careful avoidance of "professional management;" and however open to improvement their present conductor may be, only let them pay "a gentleman," and the Society will fall.

I will never believe that you, Mr. Editor, will attempt to choke these just complaints. If I am right in this supposition, publish this letter (or something better of your own), and follow it up until we get cheap music and cheap instruction. The benefits to the profession by the adoption of these innovations, will be immense. The Musard Concerts have been a witness to the "craving of the public." Place it within his reach, and every man will be glad to enjoy music.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANOTHER AMATEUR OF THE CITY.

REVIEW.

Trois Morceaux Brillants, de Salon, pour le Piano sur des Thèmes favoris. By Theodore Döhler. (Cramer).

M. Döhler has written these pieces for performers of moderate calibre: in fact they are perfectly easy when compared with the rhapsodies of Liszt and Thalberg, and are more in the style of Herz. We nowhere find any extensions beyond the octave, nor any necessity for a Briarean conformation. They are well calculated for drawing-room performance, but we cannot recommend them as exercises, as there is but little work for the left hand.

No. 1. is one of the most pleasing, but least original, subjects in Balfé's *Joan of Arc*; with an introduction and variations.

No. 2. contains two airs from Halevy's opera of *Les Treize*; both of a salutatory nature.

No. 3. is written on a theme of Donizetti, from "Betly." *Grand Duo Concertant, for Piano and Violin, on Themes from Weber's Oberon. By Jules Benedict and Ferdinand David. (Cramer).*

Much may naturally be expected from first-rate artists, writing on a first-rate opera: accordingly we have glorious practice for both violin and piano; and of a kind that will well repay the pains of study. A brilliant and shewy introduction is suggested by the overture, without any servile copying. This is followed by the "Mermaid's Song," with three striking variations, which lead to the tempting chorus "For thee hath beauty." The labour is excellently apportioned, and the most difficult violin passages simplified in small notes.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—A new grand opera is in preparation at the Academie Royal, to be called *Les Martyrs*; the libretto, by M. Scribe, is taken from Roman history, and some splendid architectural scenery will be introduced. Lablache, junior, will shortly make his *debut* at this theatre in *Guillaume Tell*.

Middle. Pauline Garcia's fourth character will be *Ninetta*, in *La Gazza*; she will subsequently appear in the *Nina* by Coppola, an opera not before produced in France.

VIENNA.—M. de Beriot has given a concert here on his route to St. Petersburg, and been received with enthusiasm. The famous *tremolo* created as great a sensation as in Paris.

PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

MANCHESTER.—On Tuesday evening, the 5th instant, Mr. Sedlatzek, the eminent flutist, gave a *soirée musicale* in the smaller concert-room at the Athenæum. The room was quite filled by a very select and fashionable company, and the concert (very ably conducted by Mr. J. A. Pickering) was of the highest order. The following is a copy of the scheme:—

PART I.

1. Concertante... A Quatre Mains and Flute, Messrs. Pickering, sen. and jun. and Mr. Sedlatzek.
2. Grand Scena and Aria... Mademoiselle Rudersdorff, (From the Opera of Der Freischütz). Weber.
3. Lieder Ohne Worte, (for the Piano-forte), Mr. Pickering, jun. Mendelssohn.
4. Duett, "Deli con te," Mademoiselle Rudersdorff and Mademoiselle A. Rudersdorff, (from Norma). Bellini.
5. Souvenir du Simplon, (Fantasia for the Flute), Mr. Sedlatzek. Sedlatzek.

PART II.

6. Violoncello Solo, Mr. W. Lindley. Lindley.
7. German Song, Mademoiselle Rudersdorff, with Flute Obligato. Lachner.
8. Canzonetta, "Una furtiva Lagrima," Mademoiselle A. Rudersdorff. Donizetti.
9. Cavatina, "Casta Diva," Miss Rudersdorff, (Norma). Bellini.
10. Fantasia, Flute, "Or che in Cielo," Sedlatzek.

—The first piece was remarkable for the beautiful manner in which the instruments harmonized—an effect produced by the really admirable playing of the two Messrs. Pickering, and the fine tone and execution of the flutist. Mr. Sedlatzek has this advantage over every flute player of the present day;—his tone is the nearest approach to the human voice we ever heard. He has, moreover, a facility and neatness of execution that must stamp him as a performer of the highest order. Personally acquainted with several of the deceased great German masters, his style has been drawn from the purest sources, and it follows that, apart from the merely mechanical operation of playing, he is a first-rate musician. Miss Rudersdorff sang the grand scena and aria from *Der Freischütz* in a manner that completely eclipsed all her previous efforts, and was delightfully accompanied by Mr. J. A. Pickering. The young lady possesses power sufficient to fill her Majesty's Theatre; her lower notes are full and firm; her upper notes brilliant and powerful, and she possesses execution and nerve that will carry her through anything. All she now requires is experience, which will bring polish along with it, and we are more than ever inclined to the opinion which we expressed last week relative to her engaging at some of the continental opera houses. We understand she has several engagements to

sing at concerts in Dublin, and after she has fulfilled them, we think it would be worth her while to take our hint into consideration—if not to reduce it to actual practice. She was equally successful on Tuesday night, in the duet "*De con te*," with her sister, (who, by the way, is a chaste singer, and improves,) and in Bellini's splendid Cavatina, "*Casta diva*," which was a truly surprising effort. Mr. J. A. Pickering played three of Mendelssohn's songs (marked No. 3 in the scheme,) with great taste and feeling. He has now given us an opportunity of judging of his taste and genius as a performer, as well as of his manual dexterity, and the result is most satisfactory. The pieces which he played on Tuesday required no great powers of execution, but depended for success rather upon his right conception of the author's design; and this, we will venture to say, Mr. Pickering fully accomplished. The pieces are of that high classic order of composition very seldom appreciated by the public, and we cannot help thinking that although Mr. Pickering displayed great taste and judgment in his selection, the experiment was a hazardous one. However, if he is content to forego a moiety of the applause which usually attends his performances, for (what may be to him) the superior satisfaction of playing good music, we shall be the last to question either his discretion or his taste. As an accompanist, and conductor too, Mr. P. displayed great ability, and was deservedly applauded. Mr. W. Lindley's concerto on the theme "Hope told a flattering tale," was a magnificent—we had almost said a sublime—effort, in which he brought out the tones of his instrument with delicious effect. We would willingly hear more of his solo performances. Mr. Sedlatzek's two other fantasias were very beautiful, particularly that on the theme "*Or che in cielo*," which evidenced profound musical knowledge. Miss A. Rudersdorff acquitted herself very creditably in Donizetti's "*Una furtiva lagrima*," and the concert was altogether one of the pleasantest we have had in Manchester for some time.

WISBEACH.—This town has lately been enlivened by a visit from the renowned Thalberg, and it reflects much credit on musical taste here that the concert was extremely well attended. His performance drew down raptures of applause, particularly his last Fantasia from Don Giovanni; he was accompanied by Ernesta Grisi, Mrs. Lucombe, and Mr. Parry, jun., whose singing gave unqualified satisfaction, particularly Mr. Parry, whose clever mock Italian *Bravura* commanded an universal *encore*. The excitement of Thalberg's concert had scarcely subsided, when we were favoured with another musical gratification from the spirited exertions of the respected and worthy organist of the Chapel of ease, Mr. Second. The party consisted of Blagrove, Lindley, Miss Bruce, and Miss Dolby; and in every respect did they sustain their well earned reputation. The reception of the veteran Lindley was enthusiastic in the extreme; Blagrove's performances were highly finished, and the purity of his tone, the grace and ease of his bowing were admired by all. Mr. Second performed the beautiful duet from *Sonnambula*, with Blagrove, in a most finished manner, and with great taste and feeling. We are much indebted to Mr. Second for his endeavours to improve the musical taste of the Wisbeach public, which frequent performances, such as we have lately heard, cannot fail in time to produce. The concert was fully and respectfully attended.—(From a constant subscriber.)

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

(From the German.)

Here on the shore of the wide rolling ocean

Here have I chosen my haven of rest:

Far from the world, from its din and commotion,

None to console me, and none to molest.

Oh! on this spot while tempests were raging

Calmly I've number'd the waves as they fell.

Mortals would mock the sad tale of my anguish—

Safer to waves than to mortals to tell.

O'er yon far mountain the sun is declining,

Gilding more faintly and faintly the land;

Must I then languish in hopeless repining,

Here on this rocky and desolate strand?

Oh! could I follow thee, planet of glory.

Hence to thy mansions of soul-giving light!

Shadows and darkness, and gloom hover o'er me,

Here must I wait the black horrors of night.

There amid flow'rets and odours and blossoms,
 Sharing her part in the home of the blest,
 Wanders perchance, the long-lost, the adored one,
 Love's fond remembrance still haunting her breast.
 E'en now I see her, hear her lamenting,
 How pants my spirit its bondage to break!
 Take me, ye billows, and rock me to slumber,
 One hope is left—in her arms to awake.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE after promising so much, and, as usual, doing so little, is closed. Reduced prices were announced on Monday evening, but it was found that the management was so *reduced* as to be unable to fulfil the announcement.

THE MELOPHONE.—We have been gratified by hearing the powers of a newly invented instrument of this name, which, in a compass not exceeding that of a guitar, displays a force and variety comparable with the Seraphine. It ranges over four octaves and a half, and produces tones similar in quality to the bassoon, clarinet, and flute; many of the upper notes also strongly resemble the violin in clearness and brilliance. The utmost delicacy seems possible of attainment, while the full strength is like that of a small finger organ; so that it is both a pleasing instrument for chamber music, and at the same time well calculated for the concert room, or even for accompaniment to congregational singing in small churches. The principle of the invention undoubtedly is *wind*; but how in so small a compass, the machinery producing effects so considerable can be contained, is a secret we cannot pretend to explain. The practical part is entirely unlike anything we have seen before; the instrument is held in the manner of a guitar, but it is played by a species of keys in the form of small nuts, which are pressed down by the fingers of the left hand, while the right hand is employed in drawing backwards and forwards two rods, connected by a handle, which issue from the lower extremity. The impression at first received is that the practice must be complicate and difficult, but on consideration the reverse appears to be the fact; the keys are so contrived that every note has a duplicate on the key-board, whereby the fingering is full of alternatives very conducive to facility of execution. The chief point of superiority over the Seraphine appears to be in the quality of the tone. The latter, though capable of great power, is never entirely free from the disagreeable *combiness* arising from the principle of metal pins; the MELOPHONE, on the contrary, has the purity and roundness of tone peculiar to wind instruments. The best part of the MELOPHONE is from the tenor upwards; the lower notes, though good in *staccato*, are less pleasing in *sostenuto* and want equality and firmness.

BALFE has met with immense success at Dublin, on the evening of his benefit. The theatre was crowded—three hundred pounds in the house. He has entered into a second engagement with Calcraft, for himself and Mrs. Balfe, to perform for three weeks for which he is to receive four hundred pounds.

PROTESTANT CHURCH SERVICE.—At the Reformation, the abolition of the Mass, and the adoption of a new Liturgy, rendered it necessary that a new musical service should be composed. Many excellent musicians were then living; and a formulary was soon produced, so perfect in its kind, that, with some slight alterations, it continues to be the rule for choral service even at the present day. The first Protestant church-service was composed by John Marbeck, organist of the Chapel of St. George at Windsor, in the reign of our sixth Edward; and the last fine composition of the kind was the service in F, by the late Samuel Wesley, written in 1825, and now exceedingly scarce.

MR. J. K. PYNE has been appointed Organist of Bath Abbey Church ; his situation at the Rev. Dr. Mortimer's Chapel has been filled up by the appointment of Mr. Kilner.

MR. THOMAS LING is elected Organist of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Chapel, Belfast, in which the fine organ built by Messrs. Gray and Son noticed in our last number, is about to be erected.

THE FIRST PIANOFORTE heard in England was manufactured by Zumpe, a German harpsichord maker, who introduced it here about the year 1775. Besides the natural backwardness of the English in adopting novelties, the instrument had against its favourable reception in this country, the quality of its tone, which was of so jangling and jarring a description, as not to offer the least symptom of the possibility of a pianoforte ever being rendered attractive, or even endurable, with real judges of euphonous sounds.

MISS DELCY has not yet appeared in *Der Freischutz*, announced for production at Drury Lane, owing to some rupture with the management, stated in the bills as "severe indisposition," from which we suppose she is *fast recovering*, as *her terms* have been acceded to—the announcement now stands for Saturday evening.

HAWKINS'S HISTORY OF MUSIC.—Sir John Hawkins was employed thirty-five years in collecting materials for his History of Music, during the latter of sixteen of which he was occupied in preparing it for publication. For the undertaking, he says, he had three different motives : one was his wish to investigate the principles of the science ; and another, the desire to settle music upon somewhat like a footing of equality with the other sister arts ; but the chief impulse was, his veneration for music,—a veneration founded on his firm belief, that "it was intended by the Almighty for the delight and edification of mankind."

LEGEND OF ST. CECILIA.—St. Cecilia, among Christians, is esteemed the patroness of music, for the reasons whereof we must refer to her history, as delivered by the notaries of the Roman Church, and from them transcribed into the Golden Legends, and other similar books. The story says, that she was a Roman lady, born of noble parents, about the year 225. That, notwithstanding her having been converted to Christianity, her parents married her to a young Roman nobleman, named Valerianus, a Pagan, who, on his wedding-night, was given to understand by his spouse, that she was nightly visited by an angel, and that he must forbear to approach her, otherwise the angel would destroy him. Valerianus, somewhat troubled at these words, desired he might see his rival, the angel ; but his spouse told him, that was impossible, unless he would be baptized, and become a Christian, to which he consented ; when, returning to his wife, he found her in her closet at prayers, and by her side, in the shape of a beautiful young man, the angel, clothed with brightness. After some conversation with the angel, Valerianus told him that he had a brother, Tiburtius, whom he greatly wished to see a partaker of the grace which he himself had received ; the angel told him that his desire was granted, and that shortly they should both be crowned with martyrdom. Upon this, the angel vanished ; but, soon afterwards, proved himself as good as his word. Tiburtius was converted ; and both he and his brother Valerianus were beheaded. Cecilia was offered her life, upon condition that she would sacrifice to the deities of the Romans, but she refused ; upon which she was thrown into a cauldron of boiling water and scalded to death ; though others say she was stifled in a dry-bath, i. e. an enclosure from whence the air was excluded, having a slow fire underneath it. The tradition concerning this distinguished lady adds, that it was on account of her great excellence in music that she was visited by the angel ; that he was drawn down from his celestial abode by the sweetness of her melody ; and that the transcendancy of her vocal and instrumental powers caused her to be styled *the Patroness of Music and Musicians*.

THE FORTHCOMING PANTOMIME at Drury Lane is to be entitled *Harlequin Jack Sheppard, or the Blossom of Tyburn Tree*. The town will have a surfeit of this novelty.

VENTRILQUIZM.—Poor Lee Sugg's talents as a ventriloquist appear to be underrated in Mathews's Memoirs. He was as superior to Alexander in this art as the latter was to Mathews. The great difficulty in ventriloquism is to conceal the motion of the lips; no one could do this like Lee Sugg. We have seen him present his full front to the audience with the head erect and mouth open, and count twenty in an artificial infantine voice, without the smallest trace of labial pronunciation.

THE THEATRE IN OXFORD STREET, erected on the site of the Queen's Bazaar, is now nearly completed; it is reported that Mr. Beale, of the firm of Cramer and Co., the eminent music publishers of Regent Street, is likely to become the lessee.

We were expecting to receive from Mr. Cocks some explanation respecting the "Twelve Italian Melodies" published by him with the name of De Beriot in 1836. Instead of this, we have been favoured with a letter from his solicitors, Messrs. Richardson and Pike, threatening us with prosecution for a false and malicious libel, and intimating that the original document in De Beriot's handwriting might be inspected at their office. We applied accordingly; but the promised inspection was refused. We shall revert to this subject in our next.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We readily give insertion to the letter that regards Mr. Ella, and regret having been the cause of pain to him and other valuable correspondents, by giving admission to "Indicator's" personalities. The latter gentleman has played us a scurvy trick; we had a right to expect that he would justify his *outré* conduct by sending us something really worthy of attention; but when called upon, *non est inventus*.

Will "An Amateur of the City," whose letter relative to the "Twelve Italian Melodies" appeared in our last, favour us with his name.

We shall be glad to inspect Mr. Hunter's manuscript, if he will forward it to our publisher.

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